

Year-Round Fun



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THIRD READER

Gates

Riordan

CURRICULUM

Arthur I. Gates
Eleanor C. Riordan

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Year-Round Fun



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The Snow Party

Mother always had to call Jean more than once in the morning. Jean liked to lie in bed longer than she should. She was always late for everything she did.

But this morning was not like any other morning, and Jean woke up before anyone else. This morning Jean was going to the country.

She was going to a Snow Party at Ann Harrison's house. It was going to be a long party, for Ann's mother had said the children were to stay two days.

Many plans had been made by Ann and her mother for each day of the party. Even the name *Snow Party* was Ann's idea.

Jean Williams and Ann Harrison had been in the same school last year. But Ann had moved away to the country.

"It will be fun to see Ann again," Jean thought. "I am sure we will have a fine time at her snow party."

Jean looked out the window. Then she looked at the watch Father had given her when she said she would always try to get up on time. It was only five o'clock!

Jean could not help feeling sad every time she looked at that watch. She knew she had not really tried very hard to be on time.

"Will it ever be time to get up?" Jean thought.



Jean looked out the window again, but soon she went to sleep. She was surprised to hear Mother call her. And Mother was surprised, too. For she only had to call Jean once!

After breakfast Mother made Jean put so many sweaters under her coat that Jean was sure she could not move at all. But when Father called to her from the car, Jean found out that she was wrong.

She said good-by to Mother, took her new suitcase with her, and was in the car in no time at all.

The snow was gray on the city streets, but as Jean and Father rode on into the country, the snow was white and shining.

"How nice the snow makes all the houses look!" said Jean. "The trees near Ann's house will be covered with snow."

"Yes," said Father. "The pond will be covered with ice, too. I think we will be there soon, Jean."

"I hope so," said Jean. "I feel cold."

In a little while Father stopped the car in front of Ann's house. When Jean and her father went into the big living room, they saw a bright log fire burning in the fireplace.

A group of girls and boys was seated in front of the fire.

"Hello, everyone!" said Jean.

"Hello, Jean!" said the boys and girls.

"Hello, Mr. Williams!"

Ann's little puppy barked happily. He liked having many people around.

"Did you have a long ride?" asked Mary.

"Come on over by the fireplace! It is nice and warm here," said Fred.

Jean and her father went over near the fireplace with the other girls and boys and warmed their hands over the fire. It *had* been a long, cold ride, and they were glad to be in the cozy house.

"I am glad you came, Jean," said Ann.

"It has been a long time since we have seen each other."



Jean told Ann that she was glad, too, and just then Mrs. Harrison came into the room to say hello.

"Everyone is here, now," Ann's mother said. "You must be cold and hungry after your long rides, and it is nearly twelve o'clock."

"Oh, no," said Mary. "I'm not hungry!"

"Well," said Mrs. Harrison, "dinner is all ready. So let's go into the kitchen, even if we are not hungry."

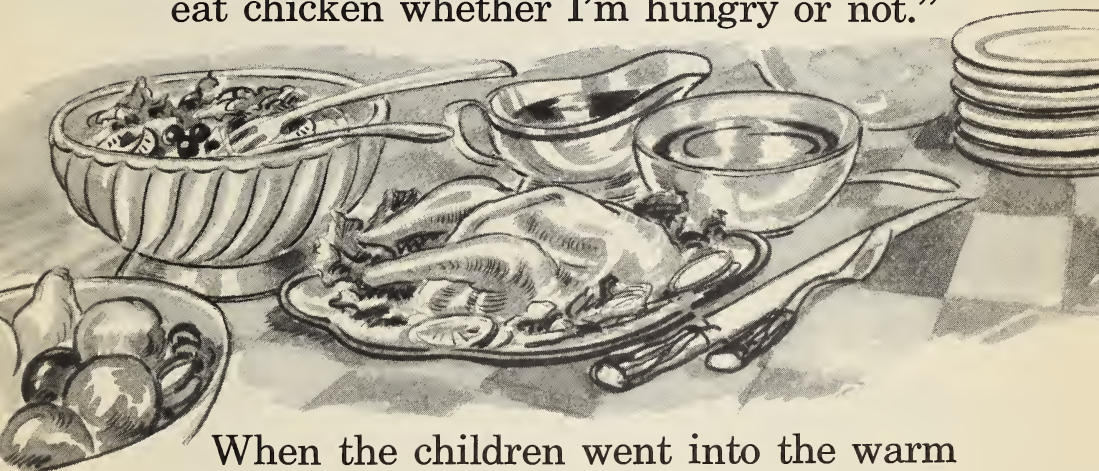
Ann's family always had dinner in the kitchen when the weather was cold. The big stove kept the kitchen warm and cozy.

"Mr. Williams, you must have dinner with us before you start off on your long drive home," said Mrs. Harrison. "You and Jean have come a long way."

"Thank you, Mrs. Harrison," said Jean's father. "I shall be glad to stay."

"Maybe when you see the nice chicken, you will begin to feel a little hungry!" Mrs. Harrison said to the boys and girls.

"Chicken!" said Fred. "I was going to ask whether we might go skating, but I'll eat chicken whether I'm hungry or not."



When the children went into the warm kitchen, they saw a big table covered with plates of chicken, vegetables, fruit, and all kinds of good things to eat.

It looked as though no food that goes well with chicken was missing from that table! Everyone began to eat dinner.

"I must have been hungry!" said Jean.

"I must have been hungry, too," Mary said. "My, but this is good!"

The boys and girls may not have thought they were hungry. But when the dinner was over, there was not very much left on the big table.

"We are going to have a treasure hunt in the snow after dinner," Ann said.

"Do you think you will like that?"

"Where is the treasure?" asked Mary.

Ann laughed and said, "If I tell you that, we will not have to hunt very far to find it."

The children put on all their coats and sweaters and went outside. Mr. Williams left for home.

Ann put the children in three groups. In each group there were two girls and two boys.



In the snow where the children stood were three bright red apples. A pin was holding a piece of paper to each apple.

"Here is our starting place," said Ann. "Each piece of paper tells us just where to go next.

"Fred's group will take one road to the treasure, Jean's group another road, and Mary's group another. No group will go the same way.

"Do just what the papers say."

The three groups looked at the papers that were pinned to the red apples. Then each group started out on its own road.

When Jean and her group found the place named on the first paper, all that they saw was another apple and another paper.

Soon they had followed the roads named on papers pinned to five apples, and they were no nearer the treasure than they had been before.

They had climbed hills and walked down long roads only to find more apples and more papers.

"Do you think everyone else is having as hard a time finding this treasure as we are?" said Jean.

"Look here!" cried Jim, a boy in Jean's party. "Here come Fred and his group."

"Have you found anything, Fred?" Jean called.

"Oh, yes!" said Fred. "We have found lots of apples!"

The children all laughed.

"Well, we go down this way," said Jean.

"We go the other way," said Fred.

"Good-by for a while," Jean called.

Jean's group went on its way, and Fred looked at the paper pinned to the apple he had just taken out of the snow.

"We have to go to the foot of the old maple tree," he said to his group.

"Come along! The treasure might be there."

The boys and girls walked to the foot of the old maple tree. But all they saw was another apple.

From place to place the red apples sent the hunters. Fred's group was beginning to feel that the hunt would last for days.

"Maybe there isn't any treasure," said Josephine. Josephine was a girl in Fred's group. She did not like to walk very far, and by this time she was feeling tired.

Fred found another apple. Everyone's pockets were filled with the red fruit.



"Why," Fred cried, "this sends us back to the place we started from! It looks as though you were right, Josephine."

But when the children got back, there was another apple! The paper that was pinned to it said, "Dig here."

A shovel was standing against the fence.

Fred began to dig, and in a few minutes he found a wooden box.

"Here it is!" he cried. "We have found the treasure!"

The children pulled the box out of the snow. As they were opening it, Mary's group came along.



"Is the treasure there?" Mary called.
"We thought this treasure hunt was just an idea of Ann's to make us take a walk."

When the box was opened, the boys and girls who had found the treasure were very pleased.

"What fine paint sets!" cried the two girls.

"We will have a good time with these games," Fred and Jim said. "Thank you, Ann. This was a *real* treasure hunt!"

"Where are Jean and her group?" Ann asked. "They should be here now."

Just as Ann stopped talking, Jean and the others came running up the hill to the house.

"Ann," she cried, "we lost the road and on the way back here we saw the funniest snowman! He is made to look just like a soldier."

"He is down at the foot of the hill. There are lanterns and all kinds of pretty things down there."

"Oh, Jean," said Ann, "you have found my secret! Father and I made that snow soldier for tonight. It was to be a big surprise."

"I did not know that," said Jean. "I did not mean to tell about a surprise!"

"Oh, we can still have the surprise," said Ann. "I won't tell what the snow soldier is for. *That* will be a surprise."

"Father and I tried to have him where no one would see him, but you could not help it if you lost the road."

"Fred's group found the treasure, Jean. It was right here. Now it is supper time. Let's go into the house to get washed."

"I'm hungry," said Mary. "But it takes such a long time to get out of all these sweaters that I don't think we will eat for hours."

But even though the boys and girls had to take off so many coats and sweaters, it was not long before they were eating their hot suppers.

After supper Mrs. Harrison and all the children went down to the foot of the hill where the snow soldier stood.

Red and green lanterns had been hung on strings all around the snow soldier. The light from the lanterns made bright spots on the white snow.

The children jumped up and down and ran after one another to keep warm.

"You have all wanted to know what this snow soldier was for," Ann said at last. "Now I am going to tell you."

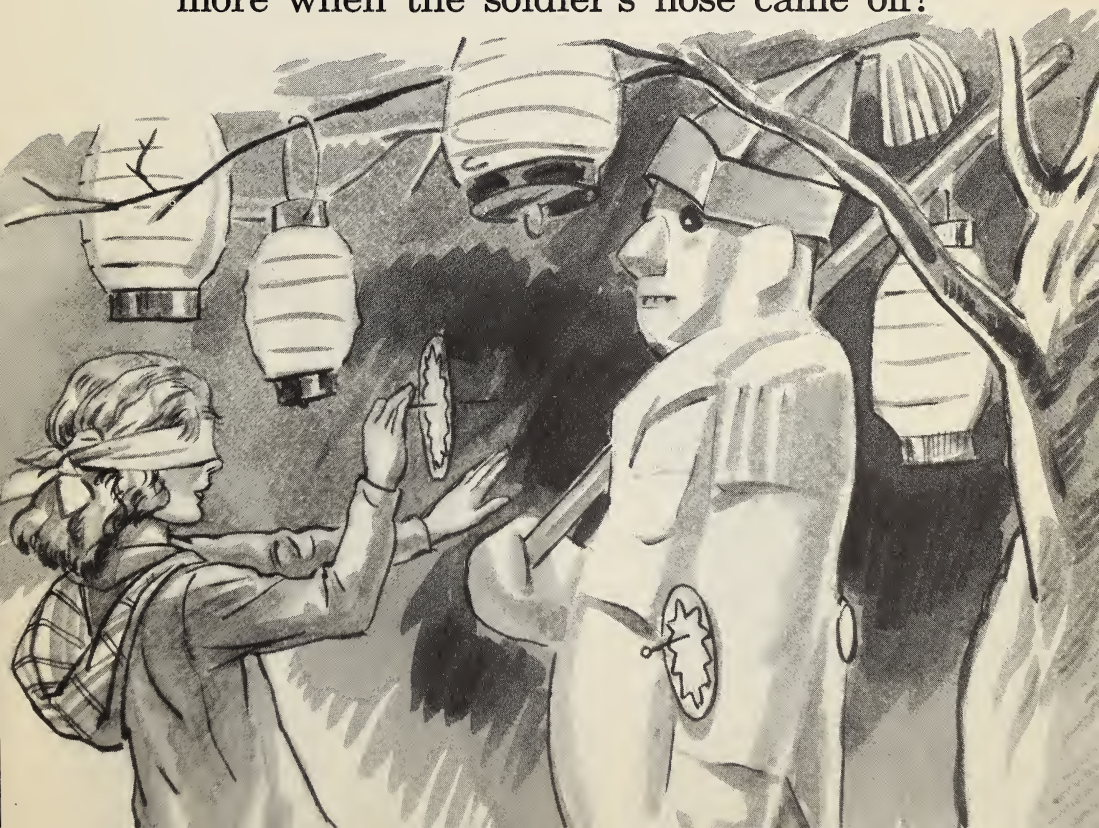
"What are we going to do?" asked Jean.



“We are going to try to pin a medal on the soldier’s pocket,” said Ann. “The one who pins the medal closest to his pocket tells us what we will do tomorrow.”

Ann gave out big paper medals to all her friends, and the game started. Each one’s eyes were covered as his turn came.

The boys and girls laughed and laughed when Mary pinned the medal on the end of the soldier’s nose. But they laughed even more when the soldier’s nose came off!



Jean pinned the medal on the pocket. Now it was right where it belonged.

"What shall we do tomorrow, Jean?" said Ann. "It is up to you!"

"I have never had a ride in a bobsled," said Jean. "Do you think we can go for a ride in one tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes," said Ann. "I know we can!"

All the other girls and boys wanted to go, too. So everyone was happy.

"It has been a long day, children," said Mrs. Harrison. "I think we should go to bed. There is more to do tomorrow."

Mrs. Harrison took down the lanterns, and everyone went back to the house.





The next day was the last day of the party, and the children were up early to make the most of it.

After breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison took the boys and girls far away from the house to a big hill. Here Ann's uncle was waiting for them, and on the snow was a bobsled.

"Oh, this will be such fun!" cried the children.

"Let's get in, boys and girls," said Mr. Harrison. "I think it is fun to ride in a bobsled, too."

The boys and girls got in. Away went the big bobsled! The ride was fun.

Suddenly the bobsled rode over a bump! Fred was in the back, and the bump made him fall right out of the bobsled.

But Fred did not fall by himself. Oh, no! He had been trying very hard to stay in by holding on to Josephine's coat, and so he pulled her out with him!

They stood up covered with snow. They looked so funny that they laughed at each other.

Fred and Josephine watched the bobsled go down the hill, and called to the others as they pulled it back to the top.



"Did you get hurt, Fred and Josephine?" asked Mr. Harrison.

"No," said the children. "We liked it!"

There was so much talk about the fall Fred and Josephine took that everyone was surprised when Fred cried, "You have let the bobsled go down the hill!"

From the top of the hill, the bobsled could not be seen at all. So everyone went to look for it. Ann found it, and she came running to her father.

"Father," she cried, "the bobsled has made a great hole in Mr. Long's fence! We will have to tell him."

Ann and Mr. Harrison went back to tell Mr. Long about the hole in his fence, and the others stayed on the top of the hill. They watched Ann and her father go down the hill toward Mr. Long's house.

But soon Ann came back and said that everything was all right. Mr. Long had only laughed and asked to go for a ride in the bobsled with them.

So Mr. Long and all the others went up and down the hill in the big bobsled until lunch time. And the children did not let the bobsled run away again.

At lunch the boys and girls talked and laughed happily.

Ann's little puppy wanted to be in the party, too. He jumped around and barked and made as much noise as he could. Mrs. Harrison took the little puppy up to the bedroom where he could play by himself.

The house was very noisy. The boys and girls were talking downstairs, and Ann's puppy was jumping about up in the bedroom. But Mrs. Harrison did not ask anyone to be quiet. After all, this was a party!

"Let's go ice skating this afternoon," said Ann. "It is fine skating weather. I'm sure we will have fun on the pond."

"Oh, let's!" said Mary and Jean.

"I would like to go skating, too," Jim said.

Everyone wanted to go. So Ann and her friends went down to the pond.

The boys and girls had a fine time on the ice, and they played every kind of skating game they knew.



When they went back to the house, they found that they were very, very hungry.

"We are *always* hungry," said Fred.

Mary laughed and said, "It looks that way. I know I am!"

"Well, Mother says dinner is ready," said Ann. "We get hungry at the right times, anyway."

After dinner that night the boys and girls sat in the living room. Ann was talking about her puppy.

"Where did you get him?" asked Mary.

"An old lady gave him to me," said Ann. "She said the puppy was too noisy to keep in her house."

"Well, he *is* noisy," said Jean, as the puppy barked up in the bedroom.

Just then, Mr. Harrison came into the room. He looked at the happy faces of the boys and girls.

"How would you like to go down to the skating races?"

"Oh, may we?" cried the children.

"Come on," said Ann's father. "Get your coats on. I'll take you now."

Then everyone went down the road to the pond, talking about the skating races.

Soon the races started, and the people were calling out to the men they thought would come in first at the races.

Suddenly Ann turned around and called to her father, "Where is Jean?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Harrison. "I know she was here before."

They looked all around, but they could not see Jean.

"We had better go back to the house and look for her," said Ann's mother. "She may have gone back there."

When they got back to the house, there stood Jean, looking very, very sad. She was holding a red slipper in her hand.

Ann's little puppy was running up and down on the other side of the room. He barked as the others came in.

The puppy had chewed Jean's slipper. But he did not look as though he thought anything was wrong.

"Oh, my new slippers!" said Jean sadly.

Jean looked so funny that Ann's mother laughed, even though she tried not to.

"Suddenly I was sure that I had left my slippers on the bedroom floor," said Jean. "I knew that the puppy was still in the bedroom. So I left the races to make sure my slippers were all right."

Jean was nearly crying.

"I had to come back to see if the puppy got hold of them," she said.

"I should say he did," said Ann.

"That is too bad, Jean," Mrs. Harrison said. "The puppy is too little to know that he should not chew slippers. But I think I can put this together again."

Later that evening Mrs. Harrison called Jean to her.

"Jean, I have tried and tried to put your slipper together again," Mrs. Harrison said. "But I cannot."

"Oh, the puppy could not help it," said Jean, and she tried not to be sad.

The next morning all the children were ready to leave.

"Good-by! Good-by!" they called.

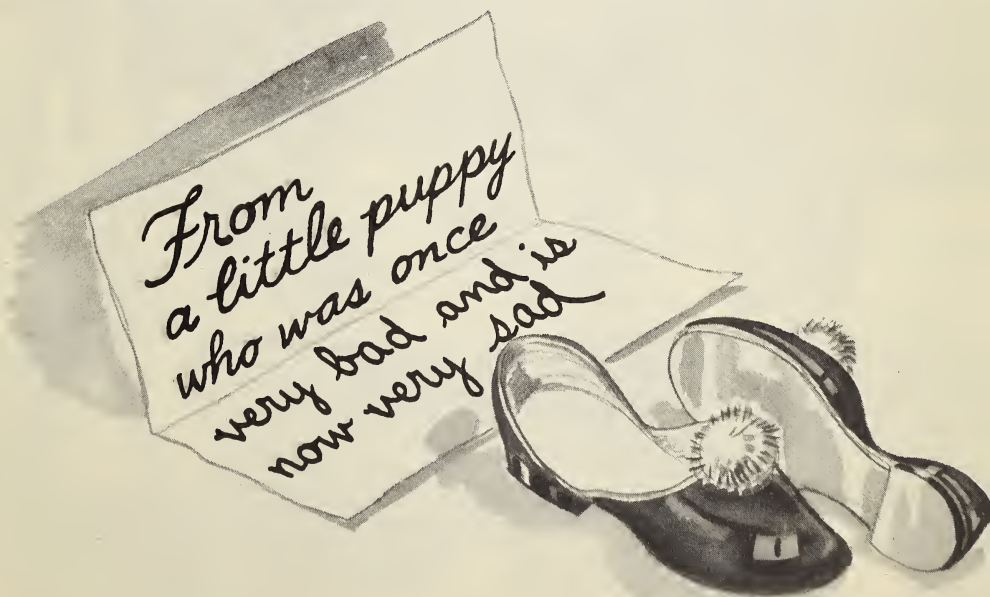
Father had come to take Jean home. On the way Jean talked about the party. She told Father about her slipper, too.

"Oh, well!" said Father. "A puppy will be a puppy, you know."

So Jean did not think about her new red slippers any more.

When Jean and Father got home, Jean opened her suitcase. There was a shiny, new pair of red slippers!

There was a letter in one. It said,



Camp
Laugh-Awhile



"It *must* be a nice place, Mother," said Jean. "It looks beautiful in the picture.

"It is a big camp, too, and many older people are there to take care of the boys and girls."

"It does look nice," said Mrs. Williams. "All right, Jean. You may go."

"Oh, thank you, Mother!" said Jean. "I'll send a letter to Ann and tell her I may go. We will have a good time."

For many weeks now, Mary and Fred and nearly all Jean's friends were planning to go to camp. Mary had sent a letter to Ann Harrison, asking her to go to camp with them.

Jean's mother had not been sure that she wanted to let Jean go to camp. Jean had never before been away from home for such a long time, and so Mrs. Williams had to think the matter over.

"It isn't any use, Mary," Jean had said one afternoon. "Mother won't say Yes."

"Did she say *No*?" asked Mary.

"Well, she did not say *No*," said Jean. "But what good is not saying *No* if you don't say *Yes*?"

Mary did not know, but she had a new idea.

"Jean," she said, "do you think your mother will let you go to camp if we have a picture of the camp sent to her? Maybe she will say *Yes* if she sees it."

That was how Mother got the picture of Camp Laugh-Awhile.

"Well," thought Jean, "the picture *has* helped."

Now there were a great many things to do. The right clothes for camp had to be bought, and all kinds of things that only Mother thought of.

Jean asked her mother to buy the bright blue sweater and the yellow swim suit she had seen in the big store window.

But it was Mother, not Jean, who thought to buy such little things as towels, pins, needles, and a hairbrush.

Soon everything was bought that had to be bought, and Jean started out for two weeks at camp.

She was very happy as Mother took her down to the train. She knew how nice she looked in her new white suit and shoes. And besides, Jean always was happy when she carried her suitcase.

A suitcase made one feel so grown-up.

Most of Jean's clothes had been sent on to camp in Mother's big suitcase. But Jean was going to be on the train until the next morning. So she had to have her own little suitcase with her.





When Mother and Jean walked into the station, they found that they were the first of their group to get there.

"It looks as though we left sooner than we had to, Jean," said Mother.

"Well," said Jean, "I do feel queer! I have never been the first one to get any place before!"

Soon the other girls and their mothers came into the station, and they were all surprised to see Jean there before them.

There were not any boys at the station. They were going to camp, too. But they had left the day before. Fred's father was driving them up in his car.

The train came into the station, and the girls climbed in.

"I am glad we are going on the train," Jean said to Mary. "The train ride will be fun."

While the train was pulling away from the station, the girls were still calling out their good-byes.

Jean and her friends had a fine time on the train that day. But they liked the idea of sleeping on the train that night better than anything else.

Jean's bed was over Mary's. Now, Jean did not sleep very quietly. Oh, no! She moved about and turned and turned.

Late that night Mary opened her eyes. All she could see in front of her bed was something big and white.

"Jean!" she called. "Jean! Is anyone standing near my bed?"

By this time, everyone in the big train was looking to see who was standing near Mary's bed.

Jean looked down at Mary and laughed.

"No one is near your bed, Mary," said Jean. "In my sleep, I pushed my blanket down in front of you."

When the lights went on, Mary saw that there was nothing near her bed but Jean's blanket. Then everyone laughed and went back to bed.

The next day the train stopped at the camp.

A woman from the camp met the girls. She said her name was Miss Brown.

Miss Brown took the girls through the camp to a big house. Ann Harrison was there before them. She had come earlier in the day. There were many other boys and girls there, too.

"Judy-May," said Miss Brown to a girl who was standing at the other end of the big room, "this is Jean Williams.

"Jean will tell you her friends' names, and you can take them around to talk to the other girls and boys."



Judy-May was a pretty little girl and she was very friendly. Soon Jean and her friends were talking to all the other girls and boys as though they had known them for years.

In a little while Fred and the other boys reached the camp.

"Well," said Miss Brown, "it is nearly lunch time. I'll show you where you can wash your hands, and then we will have lunch."

The girls and boys were glad that lunch was ready. They were pleased, too, with the way the room looked.

There were little tables at which five children could sit. A woman sat at the head of each table where the girls were to sit, and a man sat at each table with the boys.

Miss Brown sat at the table with Jean and Ann, and Judy-May sat at their table, too.

"While you are eating your lunch," said Miss Brown, "I will tell you something of what we do at Camp Laugh-Awhile.

"In the morning we get up early and we all go swimming before breakfast. If any of you cannot swim very well now, you will before you leave us.

"After breakfast we do many things. We sometimes go into the woods to find old Indian walks. You will learn how to find your way through the woods."

"Oh, that will be fun," said Ann.

"Often we take lunch into the woods and stay all day, learning about the animals and birds we see," Miss Brown said.

"Sometimes we go out in boats and often we have boat races.

"There are many things to do! At night we sit near the campfire and tell stories. Some nights we give plays.

"I know you girls and boys will like it here."

"I'm sure we will, Miss Brown," said Mary.

"I *like* it here," said Jean.

The days went very fast, and the girls and boys did have fun.

Fred learned to swim so well that he could soon swim as fast as Mary.

One day Miss Brown took the children for a walk through the woods. They took lunch with them, for they were going to stay in the woods all day.

It was on this day that Ann and Fred saw a big house through the trees.



It looked as though it had been white. Now it was a dirty-looking gray. There was no glass in any of the windows, and no one would be living in that old house.

"That poor house looks sad," said Fred.

"Do you think it belongs to anyone?" Ann asked.

No one knew much about the old house. Miss Brown was telling Judy-May about some birds at the time. So Judy-May did not hear what Ann said.

On the way back to the camp, Fred asked Judy-May about the house. Judy-May had stayed at Camp Laugh-Awhile many times before. She knew everything there was to be known about anything around there.

"I have never been in the house," said Judy-May, "but I would like to go in some day. People down in the village say it is haunted. I never did believe in that kind of thing. But maybe"

Judy-May stopped talking so that she could think.

"Would you two like to go there with me some day?" cried Judy-May. "I would like to find out whether that house is really haunted or not."

"Oh, yes!" cried Ann and Fred.

"We will have to go tomorrow. It will be our last day here," said Fred.

"We won't tell anyone else," Judy-May said.

"Oh, let's tell Jean," said Ann.

"All right," said Judy-May. "But no one else."

"We will have to tell Jim," said Fred.

"I won't go with three girls."

"Oh, all right," said Judy-May. "We will tell him, too."

The little group had a hard time keeping this secret. And to make it harder, the boys and girls told ghost stories around the campfire that night.

"I nearly told them," said Ann to Jean that night after she was in bed.

"So did I," said Jean. "But I'm glad we did not say anything about the house."

The next afternoon the boys and girls started off on their secret walk to the haunted house. They called their group the "Secret Five."

"The trees make it look so dark in the woods!" said Jean after a while.

"Are you afraid, Jean?" said Fred.

"Oh, no!" cried Jean. "But I should like it much better if the sun was just a little brighter."

"Do you want to go back, Jean?" asked Ann.

"I'm *not* afraid and I do *not* want to turn back!" Jean said.

At last the little group reached the old house.

"You try to get in, Fred and Jim," said Judy-May.

"All right," said Fred and Jim. "You stay here, and we will call you if we can find a way to get inside."

Fred and Jim went ahead. The old steps made funny noises as the two boys walked on them.

"Come on," they called. "It isn't hard to get in. The door is open."

The children stepped quietly through the door. They did not want to make much noise going into that kind of house.

There was nothing in the first room.

Fred was looking for secret doors, but he could not find even one.

There was nothing in the next room, and that room did not have one secret door.

"It does not look as though we will find anything," said Fred to the others. "We can look around, but I do not think there is anything in this house."

But when the "Secret Five" walked into the kitchen, they were very surprised.

There stood an old table and two chairs. On the table were dirty plates and a cup that was nearly filled with milk.

A boy's coat and cap were on the back of one old chair.



"Oh!" said the "Secret Five."

"Oh!" said Jean once more.

"Well, now we know this house is not haunted," said Fred. "Ghosts don't eat!"

"Let's go up to the next floor. Maybe someone is up there," said Judy-May.

"It must be a very little boy," Fred said. "That coat would be too small for a big man. Come on! Let's go up!"

Jean did not really want to go up with the others. Maybe it was only a little boy up on the next floor. But Jean was not so sure now that she did not believe in ghosts!

The others started up the stairs. So, afraid or not, Jean went, too.

In the bedroom at the top of the stairs, a little boy was sleeping. He was about five years old.

The little boy's nose looked like a big black spot. It was the only spot on his face that was dirty. He looked so funny that Ann laughed.

The little boy heard her and sat up.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We just came up to see the inside of this house," said Fred. "We came from Camp Laugh-Awhile."

"Well, go away!" said the little boy.

Now the "Secret Five" did not know what to say to this queer little boy. They were sure he needed help, but it did not look as though he wanted any.

Fred tried again.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

The little boy looked at all the other children for a while before he said any more to Fred. He must have thought they looked friendly, for he began his story.

"No," he said. "That is, not all the time. I lived not so far from here with my mother. My name is Jack.

"My mother had to go away for a while, and she could not take me with her. She put me on the train to the city. I was to stay with Aunt Mary."

"Why did you come here?" asked Fred.

"I did not want to live in the city. So I got off the train here when no one was looking," said Jack. "I had no place to go, but I found this house and thought I would stay here for a while.

"I just got here this morning. I had some milk and lunch that Mother gave me. So I had lunch here."

"Won't your Aunt Mary be worried when she does not hear from you?" asked Ann.

"I know she will," said the little boy. "But I won't live in the city!"

"I live in the city," said Fred. "And I like it. There is always something to see in the city. We see big trains, and big cars. We have moving pictures and places to play ball.

"Oh, you would like the city, Jack. I know you would."

"Can you see boats, too?" asked Jack.

"I should say so!" said Judy-May. "We see them often."



"But there is no place to go fishing in the city," said Jack. "No, I don't think I would like the city."

"There are rivers near the city where you can go fishing," said Jim. "And there are so many other things to do that you would only want to go fishing once in a while."

Jack looked as though he had not given that much thought.

"Well," said Jack, "the city might be a good place to live. I don't know what to do."

"I would go to my aunt's house, Jack, if I were you," Jim said. "Your mother may know you are not there by this time. She will think you are lost, and that will make her very sad."

Jack began to cry. He knew he should have gone to his aunt's house, but he had not wanted to live in the city.

"I would like to go to my Aunt Mary's house, now, I think," Jack said. "But I cannot get there. I got off the train and I have no more money."

"We have some money left," said Jean. "Let's see how much we have."

The boys and girls began counting their money. They put all their money together and saw that they had enough left to take care of Jack.

"Come back to the camp with us, Jack," said Fred. "We are going home tomorrow morning. Why don't you come with us? We have enough money, and your Aunt Mary's house is near our homes."

Jack went back to the camp with the other boys and girls.

The children found they had enough money to send word to Aunt Mary to tell her that Jack was at the camp. And, as Fred had said, they had enough left over to take Jack to Aunt Mary's house.

So the next day the "Secret Five" and Jack, the only ghost they had found, went to the city together.



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GATES ARTHUR IRVING 1890-
YEAR-ROUND FUN

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Word List

If *Year-Round Fun* is read subsequent to the reading of Unit One of the Third Reader, *Wide Wings*, all words in *Year-Round Fun* will be familiar with the exception of fifteen new words which are contained in the following list.

The new words are grouped here under the pages on which they first occur.

1	10	21	33	46
2	11	22	34	47
3	12	23	35	48
4	13	24	36	
suitcase		25	37	
sweaters	14	26	38	
	soldier	27	39	
5	15	28	40	
group	16	29	41	
6	17	30	42	
	medal	31	43	
7		32	44	
skating		33	45	
8	18	34		
game	bobsled	35		
9	19	36		
pin	20	37		

Where *TODAY'S WORK-PLAY BOOKS* are in use, *Year-Round Fun* may be read upon completion of page 44 of the Third Reader, *On Longer Trails*.



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